

BEAU

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
FOR MODERN MEN

People:

BRIGITTE BARDOT

Alan King

JAYNE MANSFIELD ►

Sybil Burton

Places:

**BEAU goes to a
HOLLYWOOD BALL**

Things:

**ENGLAND'S
ROLLS ROYCE**



FOR THE INDIVIDUAL who wants to be well-rounded in his knowledge of the world, this issue of BEAU is crammed with all sorts of informative international delights about people, places, and things. Take people, for example. Who could possibly be more sensationally scintillating than France's Brigitte Bardot (lower right, page 14), England's Sybil Burton Christopher (page 34), or that perennial pride of the pulchritude crowd, America's Jayne Mansfield (page 37)? Certainly, a more tantalizing trio would be hard to match anywhere. Unless, of course, you consider Leslie Cole, the girl from "Fanny Hill" (page 17); Ann Austin, our Doll of the Month (page 40); and Judy Treadway (page 30). As for places, BEAU follows the "wild ones" across the British countryside (page 4), and makes stopovers at curve-conscious Cannes (page 8), a breath-taking Hollywood ball (right, page 44), and an alpine obstacle course (page 47) where the knocks are as hard as the rocks. Things are best represented in BEAU No. 3 by the "ghost" of Rolls Royce which—when it comes right down to it—isn't a ghost after all (bottom, page 20), but a car with a history that never fades with time. So, if you're interested in people, like to visit places, and enjoy far-out things, come along as BEAU girdles the globe—or ungirdles it, as the case may be.



In this issue of
BEAU



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BEAU TALK

DON'T THINK for a moment that movie bedroom scenes are pleasurable for the participants, no matter how much they appear to be enjoying themselves. At least, that's what Rock Hudson has to say about them. He hates them. "In the first place," the actor explains, "the bed is hot from all those lights shining down on it. In the second place, the lights make you feel uncomfortable. And, in the third place, any enthusiasm you might have for the scene is quickly quenched by just looking at the bored faces of the crew staring at you." All of which adds up to quite a paradox when one recalls Rock's film roles. He's been a bedroom beau of some of the dreamiest dolls in the business.

BRITAIN'S NEWEST invasion of the U.S. has stirred up as much rumpus as the Beatles, Richard Burton, and James Bond. The stirrer this time is svelte 27-year-old Diana Rigg, the kinky heroine of *The Avengers* TV series. Tall, talented, and tensile, Diana is the undercover agent

who can do anything men can do—better. And she never loses a fight on-camera. "I enjoy it, the idea of taking on six men when you know you are going to win," she says. Some of Diana's performances are too kinky for the Americans, however. In fact, there are those who fret about Diana's symbolic leather clothing. They're worrying that she'll get "overheated."

REVEALING THEIR innermost thoughts about the subject, several Italian actresses have answered objections by their fellow citizens about appearing in the nude before the movie cameras. Sophia Loren maintains that the Italians "are always shouting about the little things while the big things stare them in the face." Whatever that means. Defending her skin-ema-scope assignments, Gina Lollobrigida shrugs her shoulders and says, "the female body is immortal." Virna Lisi, on the other hand, demurely discloses that no one has protested her "barings" on film. "I suspect that men are very relaxed about sex," Virna says. "In fact, I think many of them wouldn't even look at you if you walked down the street in your panties." Which is a pretty broad opinion to be flaunted in the face of history. Look what happened to Lady Godiva, for example.



PROTECTING Jane from savages, Elmo Lincoln portrays screen's first ape man in 1918 film *The Adventures of Tarzan*, featuring Louise Lorraine.

THEY STILL GO APE OVER TARZAN



STARRING in *Tarzan the Mighty*, Natalie Kingston, Frank Merrill take over roles of jungle sweethearts in silent serial made after World War I.

MODERN DAY HERO worshippers can brag all they want about James Bond, Tom Jones, or the Americans' Batman and Robin. But when it comes to pure derring-do, unwavering honor, and superhuman feats of all kinds, they'll never come up with anyone to equal that loin-clothed demi-god from the depths of darkest Africa—Tarzan of the Apes. Strictly fictional and fantastically popular, the legend and lore concerning this nonpareil king of the jungle are kept at a peak even now—more than half a century since he was born in the mind of writer Edgar Rice Burroughs—by cinema and telly fans the world around.

Created by Burroughs for a once-only use back in 1912, Tarzan shows none of the ravages of time. He has thrilled readers and other vast audiences without cessation since his humble beginnings—to the tune of more than half a billion U.S. dollars worth of movies, books, comics, and Tarzan gadgetry of every conceivable shape and size. The Tarzan legend, without a doubt, has become the most lucrative one in history. Even today it continues not only to grow, but to thrive healthily, as movie makers and writers

Swinging through the trees for more than fifty years, mythological superman of jungle continues to reign as one of the greatest legendary champions in fiction.

By Raymond Lee

young enough to be his grandsons, supply him with new adventures.

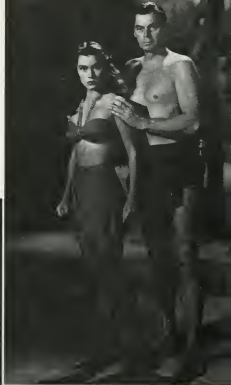
That legend began in the early 1900s when Burroughs, working as a department manager for a business magazine publisher, wrote his first fiction piece. It was a short story entitled *Tarzan of the Apes*. The plot was simple, and the story made fast reading. It started as Lord and Lady Greystroke are abandoned on the African coast by mutinous sailors. Soon after, Lady Greystroke bears a son and dies. A band of apes kill Lord Greystroke, kidnap the baby, and bring it to Kala, a giant she-ape who has lost her own offspring. Called Tarzan by the apes, the boy is raised by Kala. After a series of thrilling jungle adventures, Tarzan ultimately meets an adventurous huntress named Jane, falls in love with her, and they live happily ever after amidst a series of hair-raising escapades.

"I worked on the story evenings and holidays," said Burroughs. "I wrote it in longhand on backs of old letterheads and assorted scraps of paper. I didn't think it was very good, and I doubted it would sell. But Bob Davis of *All Story Magazine* paid me \$700 for it." Following his initial success in the U.S., Burroughs expanded the story into a novel which was published by A. C. McClurg & Co., in 1914. The book was an immediate hit, and more than three million copies were sold.

The first film version followed the book four years later,

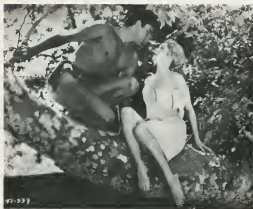
with muscular Otto E. Linkenhelt as the initial two-reeler Tarzan. Linkenhelt was discovered by D.W. Griffith who exploited the actor's striking physique in film after film. It was Griffith who suggested Linkenhelt change his name to Elmo Lincoln. Griffith hoped to star Lincoln in a full length film based on the Tarzan legend, but National Film Corp. bought the rights in 1918. National assigned Scott Sidney to direct the film, but after a record 35 separate auditions, Sidney still could not find an actor who was

LEADING Tarzan star of '30s, '40s, ex-Olympic swimmer, Johnny Weissmuller romances Linda Christian (right), in *Tarzan and the Mermoids*; but his most famous Jane (below), was dramatic actress Maureen O'Sullivan from earlier films.





BULGING athlete, Tarzan number nine (above), former decathlon champ, Glen Morris, stares at villains in *Torzan's Revenge*, a '40s feature co-starring Eleanor Holm.



DISCUSSING matrimony (above), Jane, portrayed by Jacqueline Wells, has seventh Tarzan, Buster Crabbe, former swim champ, up a tree in 1933 epic, *Torzan the Fearless*.

"man enough" to play the part of the magnificent king of the jungle. At a suggestion by a friend at the old Fox Studios, Lincoln took his bulging thorax to Sidney's office. When the Hollywood director saw Lincoln, his eyes glazed and his breath caught in his throat.

"I'll give you \$75 a week!" shouted Sidney.

Elmo grunted.

"I'll beat his chest."

"Maybe I'll make it a hundred bucks" Sidney said.

With Lincoln set for the male lead, Sidney cast Enid Markey as the first real-life Jane, and headed for location near Morgan City, La. Realism, while not particularly intended, ran riot. Native girls shuffled through the lush vegetation, stripped to the waist. Lincoln stalked and killed a lion, actually stabbing it to death with a butcher knife borrowed from a nearby farmer.

After six months of shooting amid sweltering heat, hun-

gry chiggers, and bedbugs the size of silver dollars, the picture was still not finished. Money became scarce, and wires poured in from New York and Hollywood demanding a finished production. Sidney headed for New York, editing thousands of feet of film while en route. He was near an emotional breakdown by the time he arrived. He had eight reels of action-packed feature, but no smash ending.

To this day, no one knows who approved the fade-out, but when *Torzan of the Apes* was screened the finale was a glorious sunset followed by a subtitle reading: **MAYBE THERE WILL BE A SEQUEL . . .**

The Tarzan flick, its confusing ending notwithstanding, was a box office smash and was among the first six movies to gross more than a million dollars. National lived up to its promise, and produced *Romance of Tarzan* in the same year, again starring Lincoln and Enid Markey.

Tarzan was on his way. Down through the years there have been many Tarzans—roughly fifteen in all. Yet, the legend that grew around the epitome of red-blooded manhood is unique. Unlike the nuclei of the personality cults built up around such Hollywood heroes as Rudolph Valentino, Clark Gable, Marlon Brando, or James Dean, there is an absence of sex in the celluloid Tarzan—despite his obvious masculinity. Romance is non-existent in Tarzan films, being replaced rather than suggested by the ape-man's adolescent intimacies with Jane. The few attempts that were made to construct a first-rate love life for Tarzan failed miserably. Only Cheetah, the cherubic chimp, stimulated the savage's affections—and only for laughs.

While many movie stars owed much of their success to their writers, Tarzan is indebted to no scribbler. There simply was no dialogue in Tarzan films. For fifty years of movies, his vocabulary consists of less than 200 words, not including grunts. Regarding the lack of dialogue, producer Sol Lesser said:

"The gross on *Torzan's Savage Fury* was a little low, and I wondered about it until I checked the script and counted up the lines he'd spoken. (Continued on Page 55)

The Man Who Started It All



Born in Chicago in 1875, Edgar Rice Burroughs created *Torzan of the Apes* in 1912. A short story, it provided the basis for later novels and all the subsequent Tarzan films. A late starter, Burroughs had been a gold miner, cowboy, and railroad detective prior to settling down to become one of the most famous popular authors of all time. He died in 1950, but his creation, Tarzan, lives on.



AIDING lost safari group (above), Herman Brix stars in late '40s *New Adventures of Torzon*. Later, Herman gave up jungle to become dramatic actor under name Bruce Bennett.



DEFENDING womanhood (right), Lex Barker, first of the Tarzans-come-lately, ignores clinging vine, Vanessa Brown, in 1950 production of *Torzon and the Slave Girl*.

REASSURING Jane, played by Eve Brent (below), more recent Tarzan, Gordon Scott, prepares to return to dangers in 1958 color film, *Torzon's Fight for Life*. Scott also gained some film fame portraying legendary Greek musclemen.



Convinced that all the world's a stage, daring Cannes female plays showgirl in public—until French cops get into act.

By Max Harris

WHEN IT COMES to bating a flow of automobiles on a busy boulevard, no red light is a match for the bare bosom of a shapely female, as proven recently in front of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, France. There stood Stella Di Ambra, an Italian member of the world-famous Blue Bells dancing troupe, directing traffic in a topless bikini. Amid the squealing of brakes and the thud of bumpers, the boulevard began to look like a Los Angeles freeway on a Labor Day week end. As incredulous drivers nearly stood their vehicles on end in efforts to get a better look, the gathering crowd, for once, paid no heed to the jammed-up cars. All eyes, and cameras, were focused on stunning Stella—until the gendarmes arrived and escorted her to the bastille. Ah well, so went another moment of a typical afternoon in Cannes.

...Then BARRED!



SEATING herself beside pair of disapproving ladies, Stella waves to crowd (below). Fun ends, however, with arrival of gendarmes (right).



WADING in Mediterranean or cavorting on busy boulevard in Cannes, Italian dancer Stella Di Ambra proves topless bikini attracts eye-popping crowds even in France.



First BARED...





Of course, the incident took place during the annual Cannes Film Festival, when the city is stacked to the rooftops with girls who are eager to bare all for the sake of publicity. But, whereas most starlets and models are just timid enough to restrict their antics to the beaches (where people, by nature, are more inclined to live and let live), Stella boldly ventured onto the boulevard, where her near-nudity was in startling contrast to the fully-dressed pedestrians.

In front of the busiest hotel on the busiest thoroughfare in town, Stella did her best to create as much of a disturbance as possible. In addition to her efforts to direct traffic, she also cavorted on the sidewalks, posed for tourists and news photographers, and seated herself at a sidewalk cafe beside a pair of middle-aged women—the only onlookers, incidentally, who expressed disgust over Stella's impromptu fashion show.

The fun came to an end with the arrival of the fuzz, but even in pinching—ah, *arresting* her, the French police did Stella a good turn. You see, the local hoosegow is located in the same building as the radio and TV stations. And from Miss Di Ambra's point of view, nothing could have been **B** more convenient.

CLUTCHED by long arm of law, Stella faces night behind bars, but in jail conveniently located in local TV-radio building.



AS WAVES OF LAUGHTER filled the richly draped Empire Room of Manhattan's plush Waldorf Hotel, the comedian on stage cut out of his routine. With blazing eyes, jutting chin, hunched and clenched fists, he sized up his mink-and-ermine draped audience. The society types, the industrialists, the salesmen on expense accounts, and the rich suburbanites who packed the room shared a moment of apprehension as he shouted at them: "You gonna laugh, or you gonna let me tell my story?" Then, despite Alan King's belligerence — or, more accurately, because of it — the laughter rose louder than before. Only a performer of consummate power could get away with upbraiding his audience for laughing at his jokes. But this former street fighter from the slums of Brooklyn has enough of what it takes to take in some \$500,000 a year, \$12,500 for eight minutes before the camera of the Ed Sullivan television show, top salaries for engagements at clubs, hotels, and any TV variety program that can get him.



He is called entertainment's angry young man; earning \$500,000 per year by twisting tails of sacred cows, puncturing pompous with well-aimed barbs.



A veteran of 25 years in show business, the burly, splendidly-tailored, 38-year-old King has polished his material and delivery to suave perfection, a detail that goes unnoticed along with his seemingly free-style stories attacking the ordinary nuisances that beleaguer modern man.

"There are almost 275,000 doctors in this country. When you got a 104 fever, you can't get one of them to make a house call," King grumbles.

"When a lawyer doesn't know the answer, he starts talking to you in Latin. But you can be sure the bill will be in English," King growls.

"Every day I've got to go to school," he growls. "Father and Son Day, Parents' Day, Teachers' Day,

Open School Week, P.T.A. meetings. I spend more time in school now than I did when I was a kid!"

"Most of the great lovers in history never got married," he grunts. "Romeo and Juliet, they got married. And the day after the wedding, he committed suicide."

These pessimistic observations are just the beginning of routines in which King's dander rises from irritation and contempt to indignation and disgust, mounting to a peak of outrage and thunderous fury.

He yells at an airline attendant: "You're still servicing the aircraft? It's four hours! You've had time to redecorate the terminal!"

He screams at a phone operator: "I'll put ten cents worth of stamps in the slot and see how you like it."



As animated while talking in Manhattan office as he is onstage (far left, upper left, opposite page), Alan King shines shoes as he describes climb from streets to king-sized Long Island home to interviewer from BEAU. Shown with wife, Jeannette, at Robert Goulet opening at N.Y.'s Plaza (lower left, opposite page), comedian admits she accepts his ribbing of her good-naturedly. Although a fast talker, King also is an attentive listener (above), but often after busy day, he collapses on office couch, promptly drops off to sleep (below).

He bellows at his wife: "You never get a chance to talk to me? Then there's another broad in this house with a very big mouth!"

The anger expended in these stories—all taken more or less from life—might have sent a less talented man either to a psychiatrist or to jail for assault and battery. But King's channel of expression has led him to friendship with U.S. presidents, command performances before the Queen of England, partnership in the production company that starred him in a television situation comedy series, a Broadway play, partnership in a major non-show business corporation, authorship of two hard-cover books based on his routines, and a home life in a 22-room Long Island mansion (valued at \$250,000) furnished and decorated in the grand manner by King himself, who has a passion for doing things big.

King shares a suite of offices with Harry Adler, his manager-agent for the past 19 years. Located on the West Side of Manhattan, between Tin Pan Alley and Fifth Avenue, it has the atmosphere of an old-time neighborhood club: business conducted between story-trading with Adler's other comedian-clients, visits from show people just passing by, sentences punctuated with Yiddishisms, thousand-dollar trans-world deals thrown in with inquiries of "How's the wife?" and "So, where you going this winter?" Two or three times a week, King's father, Bernard Kniberg, a retired pocket-book-maker comes in from Forest Hills to sit around and talk. "My mother throws him out of the house," King explains happily, "so he comes here."

Stepping from the outside office into King's private quarters is like going from a supermarket into the Bank of England. It has downy carpeting, heavy drapes and banker's grey felt lining the walls; built-in bar and

built-in bookcases, both stocked with class products; a sofa long enough to seat a jury; and a desk big enough for three corporation chiefs. Behind the desk, King was comfortable, low-keyed and cordial. He's five-foot-ten, 175 pounds, strong as a bull and proud of the shape he's in.

"I've always been aggressive," he told me. "I don't think it's a fault. I don't think 'drive' is a neurosis."

Blue-eyed, healthily ruddy, he looks forty-ish, but handsomer in repose than onstage, where he is usually pop-eyed with anger or curly-lipped with scorn.

The stage King is just an exaggeration of myself. I don't have to work up to a performance, and I never rest afterwards. Sometimes, I walk onstage while I'm finishing a sentence and take it from there. I don't have to warm up an audience. They came to see me."

He lit up a nine-inch cigar, turning a perfect profile. Somebody once wrote that he has a profile like Marlon Brando's. It looked pretty good despite a nose that was broken several times during his street-fighting days.

"I love to argue," he said. "If I didn't have a stage to sound off on, I'd argue at parties. As it is, I still argue at parties."

He picked up a phone call on extension three. "Yeah, Rudy. I want you to do a Samson on me. I'll be here till six." He turned to me, "That's one of the fanciest barbers in the world." His fastidiously tansured black hair is wavy and thinning.

He picked up another call on two. He swiveled around in his chair and leaned back. "Hey Yankele, how are you? Great, Yankele! I'm wonderful! Listen, I'll be out in L.A. next week. Yeah. Look, I'll be bored by Thursday, so I'll come up and see you. With Jeannette. Great, Yankele, see you then, Say hello to Frankie for me."

"I like excitement," he said to me. "I have to keep going. There's nothing wrong with that. I keep busy and I'm happy. I've never been to a psychiatrist. I've been in self-analysis all my life."

He took a call on two again. "Yeah, I'll see you there tomorrow. Fine, Herman. Listen, you coming tonight? You can make it? Black tie. Everybody's gonna be there. We'll have a great time!"

"My wife's birthday," he explained to me. "After this, no more damn parties. It started out a quiet little evening at home. I end up taking a crowd to dinner at 21, meeting some more at the Plaza to see Goulet, and then we'll all go out some place afterwards with Bobby and Carol Lawrence. Very quiet."

"And tomorrow I got to go before the State Liquor Authority and tell them I don't take dope. I'm going into partnership with my best friend, who owns a liquor business. So I got to be investigated at nine o'clock in the morning."

He picked up the phone: "Don't give me any more calls, please. I gotta talk to this lady."

He ran to a closet and pulled out a set of architect's sketches. "This is my school," he said, laying them out. It was a Long Island school for the mentally retarded. "I've always been interested in mental health," he said. "Now I'm on the board of directors here. They need a big name to help raise money." (Continued on Page 56)



WILL BARDOT BE ANOTHER MONROE?

By Alan T. Band

Discovering that apple of fame is poisoned by too much of good thing, idol of millions cannot find one Prince Charming to break evil spell.

TAKING cigarette break during filming of *The Adorable Idiot* in London (below), popular Brigitte Bardot is surrounded by small crowd of admirers.



CARRIED through crowds by gendarmes (above), over-tense Brigitte collapses during filming of *Privote Life*, story about movie sex queen.

WHEN A BEAUTIFUL girl is idolized by millions of men the world over, it would seem that she ought to be content and happy, particularly when she can earn thousands of dollars for simply making an appearance in front of a camera; so an American magazine reporter was understandably incredulous when Brigitte Bardot said to him: "I am now spending my life trying to erase the Bardot legend . . . I am now more anti-Bardot than anyone else in the world."

While the reporter puzzled over why anyone in the world should be anti-Bardot, Brigitte went on: "I have always played sexy roles and have never minded people seeing me undressed when the plot called for it. But now I want the public to see the rest of me."

The reporter could not imagine what was left of Brigitte that had not already been seen by the public, but he shrugged and sent off the story anyway. He—and most everyone else—took the words lightly. They were either just typical female gibberish, or some press agent's lopsided idea of publicity fodder.

It was not until after the death of Marilyn Monroe that anyone began to take seriously those words of Brigitte Bardot. For it seems that Marilyn had uttered almost exactly the same sentiments during one of her depressed moments. "I don't want to play sex roles anymore," Marilyn had said, "I'm tired of being known as the girl with the shape . . . The best way to find myself as a person is to prove to myself that I'm an actress."

And thus, it begins to appear that BB and MM have shared more in common than blonde hair and alliterative initials. And when observers start adding up the many other similarities between their lives, some begin wondering if they will also run parallel in death.

Item: both beauties sought fame and fortune as compensation for

APPEARING nude in *The Adorable Idiot* (right), BB continues to supply audience demand for provocative scenes, despite statements to press that she wants to be recognized as an actress rather than as sex symbol.





ENGULFED by lensmen (above), BB is world's most photographed woman. Even with dark glasses (right), she is spotted by cameraman during London visit which created uncontrollable mob scenes (below).



lonely and troubled childhoods.

Item: both became victims of that great irony which afflicts international love goddesses: in appealing to the most basic instincts of human nature, they have been personally detached from their own identities as human beings. In a word, they became symbols.

Item: each has been loved and worshipped by multitudes of men around the globe—and neither one could find a single man capable of making her completely happy.

Item: both have gone through several marriages and

love affairs only to have each one end in disaster.

Item: both have been driven to the edges of nervous breakdowns by the hectic paces of their careers; and after a great deal of torment, they have learned to hate the mobs of fans they once enjoyed.

Item: both have made attempts at suicide—and Marilyn succeeded.

It would take a trained psychiatrist to determine what events led to Marilyn's self-extinction, and to judge whether or not similar

(Continued on Page 53)



LESLIE COLE —



the girl from

Fanny Hill

AMONG the bevy of tall and short; blue and black-eyed; redheaded, blonde, and brunette; high-breasted and round-heeled lasses who portray les girls in the movie version of literature's most irrepressible bawd, "Fanny Hill," Leslie Cole nonetheless stands out like Georgie Jessel at a Nasser testimonial dinner.



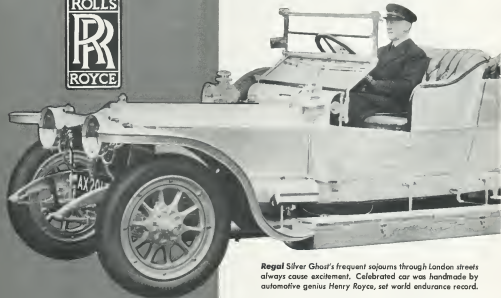
As one of the "sorority sisters" in the rollicking film about the famed harlots of Landon in the late 1700s, Leslie (who uses the screen name of Cara Garnett) gains considerable attention, even when competing with the likes of the inexhaustible, unsinkable Fanny Hill (portrayed by Letitia Roman). This is not to say that Letitia is not quite a dish herself, but Leslie is something else again. Born in the Fiji Islands some 21 years ago, she is luscious proof that not all the femmes-fatale of the Fijis sport black frizzy hairdos and drink hot guava nectar to the thrabbing beat of native drums. Indeed, if she is an example of the "wheels" that grow in the Fijis, it's no wonder that the natives are restless. **B**



PHOTOGRAPHED in black/white and color (opposite page) by Ed Alexander, Leslie shows talent for modeling, prefers acting. BELOW: Competing with Miriam Hopkins, Letitia "Fanny" Roman, Leslie still manages to steal few scenes.







Regal Silver Ghost's frequent sojourns through London streets always cause excitement. Calibrated car was handmade by automotive genius Henry Royce, set world endurance record.

By RON SPILLMAN

The GHOST of ROLLS ROYCE

With 61 years, countless miles behind her, glistening Silver Ghost symbolizes automotive perfection, one man's genius.

IN THE DAYS of chugging, coughing, hand-crank cars, an unknown Englishman with a minimum of mechanical training was growing disgusted with the world's top automotive efforts. He had watched rule-of-thumb designers build old saucerpan lids into crankcases and had ridden in dozens of new cars that bounced like stagecoaches and sounded like boiler factories once they passed 30 mph. He was Henry Royce, builder of Rolls Royce's first car, the inimitable Silver Ghost.

Today, Londoners stop and stare each time the Silver Ghost sweeps through town with her chrome glistening brighter than any new car. After 61 driving years, and countless miles on the road, she is as noiseless, sleek and smooth-running as the day in 1905 when Royce, who was later knighted for his achievements, made the last motor tune up and took her on her maiden spin.

Despite the time lapse of over half a century, the Ghost bears unmistakable resemblance to Rolls Royce's current Silver Cloud cars. The triangular radiator is identical (though the RR sign was changed from red to black when Sir Henry died in 1933), and the Ghost's springs, built for the carriage tracks of 1906, rides today's roads like a ball bearing on a plastic sheet.

Inside the superb hood is the heart of the matter—the 48 B.H.P. engine that revolutionized the motor industry. It was designed by Sir Henry, of whom admiring grease monkeys remarked, "He has oil in his veins, and his heart has a firing sequence of one, three, two, four."

After getting his car off the rollers in time for the British

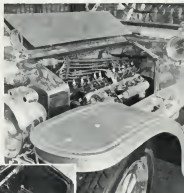


Famous 1907 rally brought Ghost together with smaller, 30-hp cars. Royce's partner, engineer E. S. Rolls, drives car 2nd from left.



Parked alongside Rolls of recent vintage, Silver Ghost's extensive styling can be noted almost immediately. Dignified, distinctive lines characterize both Rolls cars.

Intake (right), exhaust (below) sides of RR Ghost engine. Wiring foam (joining to plugs at right) links two sides. Henry Royce designed entire car.



Motor Show of 1906, Royce set about getting the Ghost reviewed by the motoring press. The Autocar's correspondent extolled: "At whatever speed this car is being driven, there is no engine so far as sensation goes, nor are one's auditory nerves troubled driving or standing by a fuller sound than emanates from an eight-day clock."

Feeling he had not praised the amazing engine enough, he added: "There is no realization of driving propulsion; the feeling of the passenger is one of being wafted through the landscape."

Later, in advertising copy proclaiming the merits of the Silver Cloud, Rolls Royce officials claimed: "At 60 mph, the loudest noise in this Rolls comes from the electric clock."

In 1907, during a public test, the Silver Ghost drove from London to Glasgow and back (800 miles) in third gear only, achieving a maximum speed of 53 mph, with an average fuel consumption of 20.86 miles per gallon.

Encouraged by this success, business manager Claude Johnson decided that the Ghost should attack the world's record for an observed reliability test non-stop, then standing at 7089 miles, and held by a Siddeley car. The plan was





Ghost's speedometer is mounted next to right hand drive; car was regained by Rolls several years ago.

to go up to Scotland under Royal Automobile Club observation, run through the Scottish Reliability Trial, then continue on a nonstop route between Glasgow and London, then back again via Edinburgh and Coventry. The car would be driven night and day without stopping the engine, and locked in a garage on Sundays with engine running.

The start was made in June, 1907, and during the Scottish trial, the Ghost ran with perfect precision until the 629th

Plush interior of Rolls is revealed as lass disembarks before London showroom. Interiors are often made to order.



SIR HENRY ROYCE

Colorful perfectionist and hard-headed genius, Henry Royce demanded top performance from the car he created. Even after he was wealthy, he would take off his coat and tear down an engine that did not hum softly enough to suit him. His death in 1933 robbed England of one of her most brilliant eccentrics.



mile when the gas tap shook itself loose over a bumpy highland track. It closed, and only one minute was lost in tracing the trouble. After that, the Ghost never stopped. Day after day, she piled up the miles, passed the 7089 Siddeley record and drove on and on until August, when she was intentionally pulled to a halt. She had covered 15,000 incredible miles, mainly on rough coaching roads, and of this mileage, 14,371 were non-stop!

The resultant R.A.C. examination, which was awaited with feverish interest, showed that the grueling trip had caused negligible wear. Certain steering and universal joints were slightly worn, the water pump needed re-packing and it was necessary to grind the valves. But total cost of replacements was under \$21 including tire repairs and replacements, the cost of running the car for 15,000 miles came to an incredibly low four cents a mile.

The Silver Ghost was the first production model of its type. Successive models in the same series were christened, nautical fashion, White Knave, Silver Rogue, and, in a moment of inspiration, Pearl of the East.

Outside, the Ghost sports German silver plating on such external chassis parts as her beautiful carbide lamps, screen fittings, and gear and brake levers. Inside, she remains a whisper of ingenuity—hence, the second part of her name.

Sold originally to Dan Hanbury, a British driving enthusiast, she was reverently handed back to the firm that made her a few years ago. For the most part, she has been garaged at Rolls Royce's London showrooms where she outsparkled her automotive offspring, year after year. On her frequent outings around London, the Ghost has caused almost as much excitement as a full dress parade of British royalty.

At the turn of the century, most makers were still undecided whether or not to scrap countershaft and chain drive. Cylinders were still strung out as single-cylinder units in line, causing inefficient distribution of mixture, poor water cooling and bad exhaust discharge. The high-tension magneto had only just begun to replace the low-tension magneto. The principle of flexibility in engine mountings was not understood, and engines were bolted rigidly to chassis beds. With low piston speeds and compression ratios, pulling power could only be achieved by huge cylinder bores.

The Silver Ghost changed all this. With a bore and stroke of four and a half inches, the six-cylinder engine had a swept volume of 7046 liters, with an R.A.C. rating of 48.6 B.H.P. The bore-to-stroke ratio was unity, a feature prominent in modern engines. Maximum horsepower was developed at



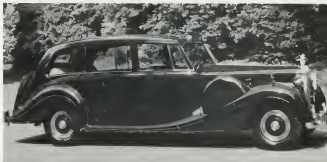
Passing mounted bobby, smooth-running antique makes picturesque sight. Auto is called London's only moving landmark.

the low engine speed of 1200 rpm's. With a compression ratio as low as 3.2 to one, she was a superb, slow-running power unit, with a range from 180 rpm at idling to a maximum of 1800 rpm.

Royce arranged the six cylinders in two groups of three. Their openings each had a cover with a water header pipe running off to the radiator. Side-by-side intake and exhaust valves, just under two inches in diameter, had ports leading to the induction and exhaust manifolds. All tappets, valves, valve springs and attachment bolts were cleverly located to avoid crowding. All the induction and water piping, hand finished in brass and copper, made the engine a joy to behold.

Royce employed a firing order of one, four, two, six, three, five, with a nickel-steel crankshaft running in seven wide bearings. With flat-sided webs (in 1908 elliptic webs were introduced) this shaft would suit a present-day in-line oera engine!

(Continued on Page 57)



Phantom IV Rolls was custom built by H. J. Mulliner for Queen Elizabeth. At 100 mph, sensation while riding in Rolls is one of scarcely moving.

>
With Bentley (left), Silver Cloud stands at Rolls factory. Only difference between sleek road cruisers is Bentley's less expensive radiator. Once independent, Bentley was purchased by Rolls Royce.





SMOKING peace pipe (above) or cigarette (below), Indian maiden puts lots of wow into Hollywood powwow.

They're Having A **BALL** *in HOLLYWOOD*

By Richard Hines



Wild California soiree for artists and models attracts girls who want mainly to be seen—and, indeed, are seen in the main.



WAVING tomahawk at eagle-eyed lensmen, pulchritudinous Pocahontas is surrounded by pale faces.

ONCE THE Hollywood crowd gets hold of a good thing, it never lets go. That's why they still make Tarzan movies, why all hombshells are blondes, and why the cavalry never arrives until the last minute. It is also the reason why they have more Artists and Models Balls than they have artists and models.

You see, someone once discovered—and a significant discovery it was—that models could go to a party and leave their clothes at home, just so long as the affair was labeled an Artists and Models Ball, and no one would get tossed into the clink. There virtually has been no end to these bare-huff hlowouts ever since.

The Artists and Models Ball pictured on these pages was held in Myron's Ballroom one recent, warm night in Los Angeles, and it was produced by Bill Jordan. It departed somewhat from the original concept of an A & M Ball, since the appearance of artists was unlikely and the wearing of costumes was no longer required. The guys, who were mostly photographers, wore ordinary street clothes. The gals simply did away with clothes altogether—and came in various degrees of dress and undress—or in their altogether.

Another difference between this sprce and former parties for painters and posers was that booze-belting became almost a lost art, in favor



GATHERING in front of bandstand in Los Angeles ballroom, crowd watches model perform solo dance number.



of girl-watching—which was probably more intoxicating anyway. Of course, wine and song still flowed, hut on a level roughly equivalent to a Salvation Army benefit banquet.

If the Artists and Models Balls have been getting fewer and fewer, at least the girls have been getting moreso and moreso. Invariably, they are well-proportioned professional posers who parade their pulchritude in downright conspicuous splendor. In other words, they got it, and they show it.

If you've seen one Artists and Models Ball, you've really seen them all. But since the same could hardly be said of the chicks who flock to these wing-dings, it's always worth going to one. Forget the fact that you won't meet any honest-to-goodness artists. Forget the fact that no big-name celebrities will be present. Forget the fact that decorations, music, food, and drinks are apt to be outclassed by a children's birthday party. Because you may never forget the sight of all those gals letting their hair down and living it up.

B

MAKING attempt to be artistic (left), model wears spiders, complete with web, to ball. Compared to less imaginative girls, she is overdressed.

PROVING models can move as well as sit still for pose, thinly-cled blonde swings into discotheque demonstration much too fast for sketchers, but within speed range of quick-shooting photographers.



modern art for men

THE MOST CHALLENGING form to an artist is the human figure. Combining grace, harmony, and a myriad of shapes, the figure represents a fertile ground for artistic experimentation. Until recently, its untapped reservoirs of beauty were restricted to the painter or sculptor, who would attempt to duplicate Nature with a paint brush or a chisel. Then, less than 100 years ago, the camera brought a revolution to art. Suddenly, the perfections of the figure could be captured to the smallest detail, and men began photographing all the beauties of the female nude. Even while under a crossfire of criticism, the photographer plodded on, always striving for recognition in his work. Now, nearly a century later, figure photographers have realized a degree of success never dreamed of by their predecessors. By subtly blending light and dark, color and contrast, the photographer presents not only a perfect likeness of the object, but he adds the special dimension of his own creativity. With this thought in mind, BEAU offers its Gallery of Modern Art for Men—and in doing so, modifies an old adage. No longer is beauty just in the eye of the beholder—it is now also in the eye of the camera.

PETER GOWLAND creates element of drama by silhouetting model against wall washed in white light (above). Model's body becomes study in shapes as sharp lines flow gracefully into each other, converging at edge of curtain.

EVA GRANT fully utilizes natural lighting (far right) by posing model against windows. Opaque glass conveniently admits illumination while avoiding distraction of outside scene.







BEAU

PETER GOWLAND creates an air of intimacy by posing shapely Judy Treadway in boudoir setting where soft blue colors augment flesh tones, framing torso against background. Overhead spotlights add dimension to study, bringing figure into prominence.





VIRGIL BUZZ produces timeless quality by posing model Virginia Gordon against white background (above). Drama is heightened by use of high key strobe lighting, which sculpts pose to add power to simple theme.

<

RON VOGEL frames model Joan Zinn between walls of stucco building (left), adding interest to picture by using flowers, draped negligee as props. Model's relaxed pose, languorous expression transcend formality, breathing life into composition.

Modern Art for Men

Sybil BURTON AND THE WILD ONES



Joining Gotham's "In" crowd, BEAU writer discovers where wild ones are—at a jumping discotheque called "Arthur."

By David Reed

NEXT TIME you're in New York and you're trying to find where the action is, don't waste your time in Greenwich Village. Nowadays, the Village is strictly for the squares. The "In" crowd heads for the cool scene up on 54th street, just a few blocks east of Broadway, in the neon maze of midtown Manhattan. This is where the real swingers hang out—bluebloods of the hip and haughty set who disembark from expensive limousines and foreign sports cars to queue up impatiently for their nightly ration of grog and kicks at a wild discotheque called "Arthur." Managed by Sybil Burton Christopher, a white-haired,



APPEARING with her Wild Ones (left), Sybil Burton Christopher now reigns as uncrowned queen of "in" crowd at Arthur discotheque.

CATERING to New York swingers (right), Arthur has become top spot to kick over traces, lose identity in wild music, dances.



36-year-old Welsh expatriate who was known as "the second woman" in the Richard Burton-Elizabeth Taylor affair. Sybil, in case you don't read the gossip columns, is now married to a 24-year-old American-type Beatle named Jordan Christopher, the leader of The Wild Ones who were hired to make lusty music for "Arthur's" devotees.

But not all the "wild ones" are on the stage. Many are out on the dance floor kicking up their heels and shaking whatever it is that you shake when you do the watusi or frug or gorilla. They are all members of the "in" crowd which views "Arthur" as a status symbol, a haven, an

escape to unreality, or a means of defying convention on a scale that would cause the most far-out beatnik to shake his head in wonderment.

Unfortunately, the average citizen would have a tough time getting his foot inside the front door of "Arthur." It is an ultra-exclusive niterie which caters to a special breed of high-society cat, and this is due to Sybil herself.

It was within a matter of months that Sybil Burton Christopher rose from comparative obscurity to three brief and separate phases in her "new" life: as the ex-wife of a stage and screen idol; as the



DESPITE rumors that marriage to Richard Burton was foundering (above), Sybil partied with husband, French actress Beatrice Altariba, at Paris nightclub in spring of 1962.



CUTTING loose in high fashion (left), discotheque devotees consider Arthur the "In" spot. BELOW: Statuesque actress Monique Van Vooren teams up with Avin Harum in hot shiver-and-shake session.



wealthy and wandering divorcee who mixed with the great and the near-great along the U.S. nightclub circuit; as the hostess who probably could make the late Elsa Maxwell cry "Uncle" with the number and notoriety of the celebs she attracts to her young and thriving go-go palace. And, as if these transformations weren't enough to keep tongues wagging, she proceeded to marry her baby-faced band leader before he and his "Wild Ones" scarcely had time to warm up their drums and electric guitars.

Although Sybil certainly wouldn't be the judges' choice for top honors in the Miss Universe contest, she is, nevertheless, enough of a looker that she can keep the boys' eyeballs rolling, no matter where she goes. That she can charm a man is no myth. I know, because she charmed me quickly on the one occasion that I was able to crash the in-crowd curtain at the club's front door. Sybil is soft-spoken and retains enough of the "old country" accent to make her voice interesting. But it is her graciousness which knocks a guy out. Few American gals can muster the poise and polish that Sybil does—when she wants to. When she approaches, you can't help but notice her. Call it wiles, a form of hypnosis, or just plain animal magnetism—I'm not sure what it is—but there is something about this woman which can draw a man toward her. And there is an aura of perpetual anticipation evident in Sybil which makes you think somehow of a young girl who is about to receive her beloved's first kiss.

It was 2 a.m. when Sybil and I sat down recently for a chat in Arthur's cozy Pub Room. She wore an orange pastel sheath which contrasted pleasantly with the subdued lighting and decor of the surroundings. "I'm really not a celebrity," she said, as we sat down at a large table and ordered something to drink. "But it was so nice of you to come." And she said it as if she really meant it. Oh, to be sure, Arthur was crawling with show biz personalities and big wheels of all kinds. Sammy Davis was there. So were Odetta, the folk singer; Dwight Hemion of ABC's Nightlife show; Peter, Paul and Mary; James Mason; Kay Stevens; and the Judy Garland party, which included daughter Liza Minnelli and Judy's heartthrob, Mark Herron, to name a few. (Continued on Page 54)

JAYNE MANSFIELD:

still too hot to handle



SOMEDAY, when all the press clippings in Hollywood have been counted, you can make an almost cinch bet that the star with the biggest stack in the bunch will be none other than that perennial sampling of pure sex-appeal — Jayne Mansfield. A cover girl whose uncovered poses have graced the pages of newspapers and magazines from one end of the earth to the other, Jayne has provided a welcome uplift (she never needed one herself) to the spirit of millions of hapless and henpecked males who have followed her hoopla-packed career with no less than avid interest.

Although the almanac claims that Jayne was born in swanky Bryn Mawr, Pa., Texas holds more claim to her than the land of the straitlaced Quakers. Her formative years — and that is more than a casual expression — were spent in Dallas. And when Texans brag about their state having the biggest and best of everything, they can point to Jayne for proof, if just by virtue of the tape measure alone. Robust since the age of ten, Jayne bounced from girlhood into the public eye with a measurement of 41 well-stacked inches in the place where it counts the most.

No catch-as-catch-can starlet, Jayne literally brought her

Appearing in *Too Hot To Handle* (left), movie which is more like glandular X-ray than cinemascope, Jayne turns "bust" into "boom" — words with same meaning to Jayne.





*Stealing spotlight from Sophia Loren (above, right), Jayne pulls publicity coup that marks her rise to fall-out fame. Years later, her costume in *Too Hot To Handle* (above right) seems almost anti-climatic.*



mountains to Mohammed, so to speak, and Mohammed in this instance turned out to be the corps of Hollywood's hot-shot photographers who know exactly what to do with pulchritude when they see it in their view finders — like shooting sexy pictures for mass exposure. Only in Jayne's case, it turned out to be a matter of double exposure. For she was willing to bare her altogether in order to obtain posterity, and the eager photogs reproduced her bountiful endowments willfully and with skill. With Mansfield popping out of her bras, things came to a point where many menfolk would settle for nothing less than a duplication of Jayne's monumental mammaries, and a run on the padded bra market appeared in the offing.

When all was said and done, however, Jayne held her own in true Texas fashion, despite a few gals who claimed they could rock up a higher tally in face-to-face competi-

tion and those who falsified their frontages in order to gain attention. And she never once backed down. Not even a fraction of an inch.

Instead, she rose to even greater fame and glory by resorting to innumerable headline-grobbing gimmicks designed safely for one thing — to make Jayne a household word. With the help of seven press agents and three business agents — all working overtime — she accomplished what she set out to do. She immortalized her figure in a nude statue, and soaked it in champagne in her heart-shaped bathtub. She showed up in Las Vegas in a nylon net costume which all but stopped the action at the gaming tables, lolled around in motion pictures in her birthday suit, got married (more than once), and even got shipwrecked in the Coribbeon. And what happened to her image? She made it bigger than ever. Just like everything else about her. **B**

Ann Austin

NOWADAYS, when tourists roam around London talking about "Big B," they are apt not to be referring to the clock, but to a clock-stopper like this month's Doll of the Month, Ann Austin. Foct is, stoicol old England—which hod always rested its doims to come on prosoic items like London Bridge,



fish 'n chips, ond Buckingham Poloce—hos now literolly busted into the forefront of the world's glomour ronks with o clon of buxom Britons including Adele Romon, Sobrino, June Wilkinson, ond now Ann Austin, whose 39-inch chest equols the best of the busts.

DOLL OF THE MONTH





CONSIDERING Ann's runway mammary development and England's tight boundaries, one wonders where there was room for such gland growing; something has to give, and it is not, obviously, Ann. But she is not from the standing-room-only regions of London and its suburbs. Rather, she flourished in the open green countryside far north of the Thames, near the frontier of Scotland. Grassy fields, ancient castles, and forests (like the backgrounds of these photos) are—and as far as she is concerned, will remain—her domain.

DOLL OF THE MONTH

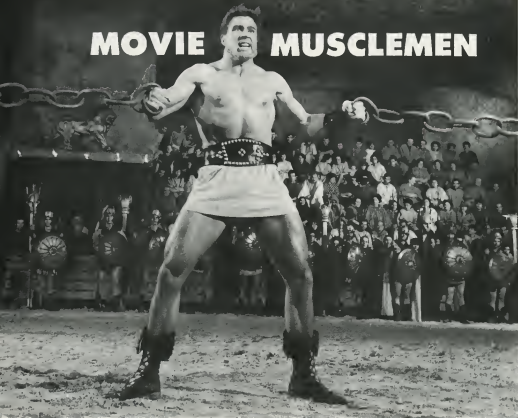






ON HER INFREQUENT visits to London, Ann thought that the people spoke an alien tongue, and discovered the fog was detrimental to healthy breathing which she does too well to hinder. But Ann was not adverse to the open spaces of the U.S. West—west being San Fernando Valley and other "wilderness areas" near Hollywood. So, it happened that England's loss became America's gain. But Londoners need not fret, for there will always be an England—especially if it continues to produce goods like Ann.

MOVIE MUSCLEMEN



STRAINING against chains (above), Dan Vadis displays brawn which brought him six Italian film roles in year.

Switching from bustles to bulging biceps, Italy's film makers parlay modern muscles with ancient legends for box office bonanzas.

By Larry Yale

COMBINING cheesecake with beefcake for tasty film serving, queen of curves, Jayne Mansfield stars opposite her own Hercules, Mickey Hargitay.



THE HOTTEST tourist item going along the banks of the Tiber river these days is not the Colosseum, the Trevi Fountain, or the Sistine Chapel. It is no longer, bless her busty heart, even Sophia Loren. In Rome, the city that prides itself on landmarks dedicated to antiquity or sex, the talk is now about musclemen. The world has long recognized Italy as the mecca for mammarific maids; now, it seems, it is also out to corner the market in gorgeous guys. In recent months, the profit-conscious movie-makers at Rome's Cinecitta have produced more than 70 box office bonanzas starring the glistening, bulging, rippling, and flexing biceps of the most superbly built gents this side of the beaches of Catalina. Millions of women around the world are now swooning over the muscular magnificence of men like Steve Reeves, Marc



PREPARING to pull temple pillars from foundations (left), musclemen Steve Reeves stars as Hercules in film which not only features Reeve's bulging biceps but also curves of Italian actress Silva Koshina (below).

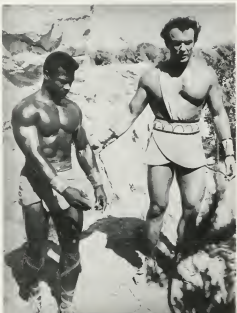


LEADING Nubian slave, played by Paul Winter (right), Marc Forest, former Shakespearian actor, is another strongman who moved to Rome to portray mythological heroes.

Forest, Gordon Mitchell, and Gordon Scott—all American boys whose brawny biceps are the answer to a woman's prayer, just like Sophia's bulging thorax is something for the boys.

Ever since Johnny Weissmuller turned in his loincloth, and vanished with Jane and Cheetah into the jungle, the gals have had little to sigh about. But the movie-makers of Rome have changed all that and, nowadays, beefcake is served up as regularly as cheesecake.

It all began with Steve Reeves, a broad-shouldered giant from Glasgow, Montana, who was the screen's first Hercules. The best paid of the movie musclemen, Reeves earns in the neighborhood of 150 million lira (approximately \$150,000) per film—and that is a darn good neighborhood to live in. Usually living in Rome, Reeves, who





PROVIDING American musclemen competition for roles in films about legendary heroes, Kirk Morris (left), is only Italian actor with top billing in beefcake brigade.

RELOCATING in Rome, robust Gordon Scott (below) gave up Tarzan career to play roles which have him holding hands with girls like Roselba Neri instead of Cheetcha or other denizens of jungle.



wore the crown of Mr. Universe in 1950, has muscles in places where most men do not have places. He has made more than 15 films so far, each based on mythical lore; yet, there is nothing mythological about the beauteous babes who are picked to star opposite him—smouldering European sexstresses like Chelo Alonso, Mylene Demongoet, and Scille Gabel.

Another mighty man-mountain is Gordon Mitchell, formerly of Denver, Colo., now doing his push-ups in Rome between stunts as such legendary Broddingnagians as Maciste, Vulcan, Achilles, and Brennus. Also, filling Roman screens with their bulging biceps are Dan Vadis, a 6'4" Goliath whose screen specialty is great globs of gore spouting from the lobbed limbs of his enemies; Marc Forest, a fellow who obviously spent more time in Malibu, Calif., than Greece; Gordon Scott, a one-time Tarzan who stands 6'3", weighs 212 pounds, and sports a 50-inch bust—bigger than Jayne Mansfield's and, strange to say, almost as voluptuously formed.

Combined, these five have spilled more blood, slain more monsters, and rescued more maidens than all the gods of Mt. Olympus. And yet mythology is all Greek to them—which proves what fools we mortal movie-goers must be.

B

FORSAKING professorship at UCLA, brewny Gordon Mitchell (below) was cast in eight Italian films in one year, mostly in blood-thirsty villian roles which called for ferocity as well as brawn.



SCHOOL OF HARD ROCKS

By Arch Ayres

THE SIDE of a sheer cliff is a classroom; ropes and pickaxes are instruments of learning. Prerequisites for this course are guts and brawn, because the price of failure could be death. The subject: mountain climbing.

Located 4000 feet high in the Swiss Alps, the Rosenlaui Mountain Climbing Institute can easily boast the world's most attentive students. Dangling on a rope in space does not inspire day-dreaming, and no one forgets his academic record could be blotted by his own blood. Yet, despite such grim possibilities, the school has a perfect safety standing (subject to sudden change) and each week, hundreds of fearless freshmen

Teaching plucky pupils to climb in classes where failure can mean death, Swiss have daring idea of "higher education."



flock to the snow-topped campus to learn, literally, how to get up in the world.

The school's director is Arnold Glatthard, a hefty Alpinist who has conquered peaks from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas. He has trained mountain troops for the Swiss and Italian armies, and he has been a consultant to India in creating a school for the famous Sherpa mountaineers who man India's defenses against Red China.

Glatthard's training emphasizes fundamentals. While climbers may use an endless array of equipment, including 14 different rock spikes, he insists the most important tools are the climber's own hands and feet. In crawling up a treacherous wall, one must find handholds where niches are few, far between, and frighteningly shallow. And since this requires fingertip control, gloves are forbidden even in snow and ice. It is better to rub fingers raw or freeze them to the bone than to slip and make an involuntary test of the law of gravity.

Ropes, of course, are lifesavers. Strung from climber to climber, they allow teammates to reel in someone who has accidentally made a swan dive. On the way down, ropes also enable

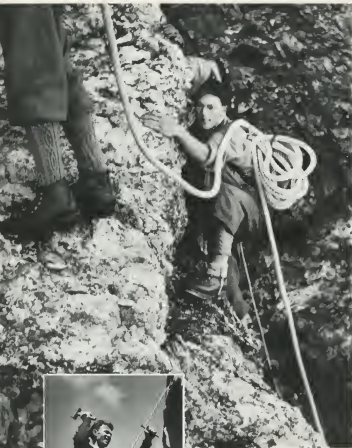


LEARNING mountain climbing methods, students (above) practice on model hill where danger is reduced to minimum. Class is open to youths as well as adults.



SECURING wary pupil with extra lifeline (above), school director Arnold Glatthard teaches method of descending cliff. Expert Herman Steuri (right) shows why novice climbers get shakes.





BLAZING trails in Alps, Swiss guides drive spikes (left), install permanent cables (above right), to make climb safer for tourists. Guides themselves receive hard training (above left) in climbing techniques, instruction methods.

climbers to descend along vertical walls like spiders, rather than edging backwards step-by-dangerous-step.

Of various rope techniques, Glatthard favors the new seated method. A climber sits in a sling attached to the line by a carbine ring. He then lets out the rope in a series of long jumps, shoving off from the vertical rock face, allowing a measured length of rope to whiz through his hands, and braking to a stop as he swings back against the cliff. Obviously, this method is not for butterfingers.

While the course is not limited to men, all pupils must be equal to men

in stamina and spirit. Driving spikes into hard rock is not for the frilly female who needs help hanging pictures—especially when her life depends on it. Which it usually does.

For graduation, all students scale the Königspitze in the Englehornns. (The Matterhorn is not for greenhorns—even in Glatthard's classes.) If they climb back down, they qualify for a silver badge—though some have said they would prefer a rabbit's foot. As for those who come down in one step—well, the curriculum can be tough in the school of hard rocks.

GIRL OF

THE NIGHT

New British Scandal
Is Indicated In Diaries
Of Suicide Playgirl

LONDON (AP)—The diary of a beautiful brunette and more than 3,000 photographs of her with men in compromising situations has led police to a blackmail ring exploiting the secret sex life of its victims.

The brunette, known as Julie Molley, is dead. Her frustrated customers were being questioned Monday by Scotland Yard.

The 24-year-old good-time girl, who worked in a dentist's office by day and frequented the fashionable West End hot spots by night, was found sprawled across a four-poster bed in a rooming house north of London nine days ago. An empty pill bottle was nearby.

Diaries And Letters

But police also found two diaries giving the names of prominent men in business and society. There were several hundred letters, some reported to have been written by army officers, civil servants, doctors and show-business people.

The detectives poured because they had been investigating Julie before her death. Several weeks earlier one man had complained, and police sources said the diaries contained the evidence they needed. They said she worked like this: Julie placed advertisements in newspapers offering

costs for sale. The brand name was a code word that tipped off perversive customers. Julie never lacked for replies. Some of those who answered the advertisements met her and were photographed. Some didn't and they were blackmailed too.

Called Baby Doll

Julie also succeeded parties in London. She had a sports car, a large wardrobe of dresses and an Afghan hound. Only five feet tall, she was known in her set as Baby Doll.

Her real name was Veto and she was born in Italy. She left her home in Rochdale, a dingy industrial town in the north of England where her mother, Mrs. Celia Veto, runs two coffee bars.

"I haven't seen her since she left," said Mrs. Veto. "I must have written her to be a good girl. But she wanted a good time and it ended like this. It always does."

POSING IN NUDE (above), brunette Julie Molley was Queen of Britain's "Kinky Set," whose orgiastic rituals of perversion led to suicide, rocked the island with headlines (left).

By Alan T. Band

ONE BIG DRAWBACK about sampling the seamy side of life for a few vicarious thrills and pleasures is that it's easy to become trapped there forever. Especially if you are a well-stocked, baby-doll sort of girl like Julie Molley, 24, who found herself leading a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde existence, working in a dentist's office by day and frequenting London's fashionable West End nighties after the sun went down. Dark-haired and slow-eyed Julie cut herself a wide swath in *la dolce vita*. But it didn't last very long. Her lifeless body was found crumpled on a fancy four-poster bed in a Buckinghamshire mansion on Nov. 2, 1963. Presumably, she had died by her own hand since an empty pill bottle was nearby and her body showed no untoward signs of violence. And, strangely enough, her death also turned out to be her undoing.

For when Julie Molley died, a Scotland Yard investigation was begun which was to linger through the succeeding years. In Julie's effects—including two diaries and a col-

lection of more than 3000 photographs showing her with men in compromising situations—police uncovered clues to a blackmail ring which extended across much of Britain and capitalized upon the bizarre sex habits of its victims. Also, it was learned that some of Julie's associates were members of the notorious "Kinky Set," a cult of sex pervers and deviates which made the Stephen Ward call girl racket read like a nursery tale.

That the Kinkies were a kookie bunch is the understatement of the year. In addition to seeking new and "different" extremes of perversion to satisfy their lust, they seemed to take a singular delight in corrupting the innocent, and Julie Molley's friends—to this day—believe that she could easily have been a victim rather than a volunteer among them. But the investigators point to the enormous sums of money she made as a purveyor of forbidden lust, and cynically argue that Julie had as much talent for her deeds as her degenerate superiors.

EYED BY CAMERA in bath (left), black raincoat (below), enigma of Julie Molley divided those who believed her innocent victim, from others who knew her savage lusts.



Investigators believe that Julie started down the path to degradation and suicide around the time—some four years before her death—that she went to work as a receptionist for a dental surgeon in Reading, Berkshire. It was during this period that Julie also became a regular week end patron of a London club where she met and became friendly with a transvestite—that is, a man who gets sexual



ROMPING with dog in carefree moment (above), Julie Molley's short, violent life ended abruptly with suicide.

satisfaction from wearing women's clothing. Of course, a part of a transvestite's distorted pleasure is derived from an exchange of ideas with others who are similarly sick. And Julie, apparently out of sympathy for her new-found friend or for money—or both—agreed to protect his high social reputation by helping him solicit other kinkies, wherever they might be. Open solicitation was out of the question because of the man's position. So Julie began placing coded advertisements for him in nationally circulated newspapers and magazines. Of course, Julie by no means was the only person inserting classified and display ads which were little more than downright come-ons for

wild sex orgies and off-beat relationships of all kinds. During the early Sixties, the national press had unwittingly become the message center for "clubs" the length and breadth of Britain, as well as for free agents of both sexes.

For the most part, the thinly veiled ads read something like the following: "For sale. Beautiful leather raincoat. Hardly used . . ." Or, "Set of rubber aprons wanted . . ." Or, "Equestrians: Selection of new leather quirts for sale . . ." In the vernacular of the "Kinky Set," naturally, reference to rubber and leather had special meaning since sadists and masochists often use items along these lines in their pursuit of gratification. It was thus that Julie became further and further enmeshed with the devotees of sexual aberration. Soon she not only enjoyed the company of her friend, the transvestite, but of scores of other men and women whose pursuits in this area ran from fetishism to flagellation and from necrophilia to voyeurism with the gamut of experience so broad that even the great German sexology expert, Richard Krafft-Ebing, might have run for cover.

Julie received innumerable replies to the ads, and the extremes to which she and her correspondents went ranged from almost schizophrenic precaution to blind trust. One of her early contacts instructed: "When I phone you, answer the following questions by the code numbers given." There was attached a coded list of numbers referring to women's garments, item by item. Another letter came from an army officer who readily supplied his full name, rank, and address on note paper emblazoned with his regimental crest. He had advertised rubberwear in a newspaper and Julie had queried him. He told her: "As you quite rightly assumed, I do not want to sell my rubber as it gives me so much pleasure . . . I am sure that you have quite a collection of your own." The officer continued that he had been trying unsuccessfully for several years to get in touch with persons who had a similar interest in rubber and that "I have been mad about it since I was 12 years old."

It appeared to Scotland Yard that Julie was more than a little fascinated by this strange new world she was becoming involved with. For one thing, her seemingly harmless contact work paid her handsomely for her time and the minimal effort she was required to put forth. In fact, she was earning in a week more money than she would have been paid in six months as a dental assistant. In the beginning, she was not aware of the vicious practices into which her easy apprenticeship could eventually lead her. This is more clearly understandable when it is learned that men who knew her as a 17-year-old, serving tea and sausages and chips in her parents' Italian cafe at Rochdale, claimed the pretty youngster's sexual impulses were underdeveloped—if existent at all. She apparently had confided to a girl friend during her late teens that she thought she might have Lesbian tendencies. And a man who had known Julie in 1958—when she worked as a barmaid at Wokingham—recalled: "Julie was the darling of the Oak bar. She had a gorgeous figure, and usually wore tight skirts and sweaters. She had a bubbling personality, too. Most of the unattached men there tried to date her, but she was extremely careful about her choice. I noticed that she usually dated older men—or those who could be easily handled. Once, she told me that sex was a disappointment to her, and that she, in turn, disappointed her lovers." However, when Julie was around 18, she became especially (Continued on Page 58)

will bardot be another monroe?

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circumstances would lead Bardot to do the same thing. But any plumber can see that—regardless of the way of death—the tragedy of life teaches the same lesson in both cases.

The lesson, simply, is that fame and fortune are no substitutes for happiness. Marilyn herself discovered this when it was too late. She said of her early years, "I knew I belonged to the public and to the world—not because I was talented or even beautiful, but because I had never belonged to anyone else. The public was the only family, the only Prince Charming, the only home I had ever dreamed about. I didn't go into the movies to make money. I wanted to become famous so that everyone would like me, and I'd be surrounded by love and affection."

But she learned, the hard way, that public love is only skin-deep. In a *Life* article published the week before her death, Marilyn said: "Fame to me is only a temporary and partial happiness; that's not what fulfills me. It warms you a bit, but the warming is temporary. . . . Fame will go by—and so long, I've had you, fame. I've always known it was fickle."

The Hollywood press agents will tell you that a love goddess is a woman who represents feminine perfection to almost all men. By very definition, then, her position is impossible. Any girl with a normal share of human faults must inevitably fail to live up to the symbol of perfection she is supposed to represent on the screen. That failure, in turn, leads to inward feelings of inadequacy in private life, and when marriages collapse on top of it all, the results can be severely damaging.

Then, such a girl begins to realize that even her most ardent admirers are in love not with the girl herself, but with an image enlarged to gigantic proportions on massive theatre screens, without any touch with reality.

Marilyn began to sense this when she said, "I feel as though it's all happening to someone right next to me. I'm close, I can feel it, I can hear it, but it isn't really me."

The parallels in Bardot's life are obvious. Like Marilyn, she became an overnight sensation on the sheer impact of her sex appeal. It was a different type of appeal, since Monroe was gay, hubbly, and naive in her approach to sex, whereas Brigitte is pouting, animalistic, and knowing. But the results were the same; the public was mesmerized.

Monroe said, "I never quite understood it—this sex symbol. I always thought symbols were those things you clash together."

Bardot was more coy in her remarks on her own sex appeal. She knew what it meant, and she played it to the hilt. When asked what was the happiest day in her life, she smiled and said that it was a night, not a day. When asked what she considered the most important thing in life, she closed her eyes and purred, "Love." And so on.

But Brigitte's awareness of her sexual attractiveness was only a thin armor. Eventually, it wore away, leaving her as exposed in real life as she was on the screen. In time, she became annoyed by the intrusions into her privacy. Wherever the sex kitten went, she was followed by a litter of copycats, as starlets and models throughout



Europe began emulating her in hopes of picking up the scraps of fortune that Brigitte left behind.

When Bardot vacationed on the Riviera, that portion of the Mediterranean coast, from Nice to nearby Cannes, soon became France's No. 1 tourist mecca. Looking for a more secluded sand patch where Brigitte could relax and sun herself, Roger Vadim—BB's discoverer and first husband—came across St. Tropez, an obscure village on the Mediterranean that appeared to be a perfect hideaway. But no sooner did Bardot arrive than St. Tropez was also transformed into a heavily populated playground.

Adding to the turmoil was the constant presence of news photographers, who poked their telephoto lenses into every retreat where Brigitte tried to hide. Once, she was riding the Mediterranean waves on a water mattress, without her bikini top, when she spotted a spring telephoto lens on the shore. Annoyed—but powerless to do anything about it—she flattened out on her belly and scowled. On another occasion, an afternoon of cozy love-making between Brigitte and boyfriend Sacha Distel was recorded on film by a distant photographer, and the results have been printed in almost every major publication in Europe and around the world. When she began dating Sami Frey, he became so perturbed by peeping shutterbugs that he bought a shotgun and started blasting leeches into high-tailing orbits. And in Rome, Italian news photographers rented helicopters to sneak photos of BB from the air above her swimming pool.

Then there were crackpots. While in Fiesole, Italy, Brigitte was awakened in her hotel room one night by a part-time drummer, part-time poet named Domenico Buono, who was kneeling at her bedside spouting amorous verse. Brigitte screamed for the police, only to have the press attack her for "shoddy disrespect" of an artistic, noble poet. From his jail cell, Buono said: "It's not her body that interests me; it's her soul." Brigitte finally dropped the charges, but had to defend herself by telling reporters, "Even lovers have to sleep sometime."

On another occasion, Brigitte was shocked to discover that an artist named George Comen was attracting considerable attention at a Paris art exhibit with a painting of BB in the raw, which he claimed had been painted "from memory."

But worst of all is the public. Crowds constantly surround Brigitte with a sea of screaming faces and grabbing hands. Once, when Brigitte went to England to shoot key scenes for the motion picture, *Useless Idiot*, or *The Adorable Idiot*, The tumultuous welcome, however, changed her plans. Crowds surged around the sets, fights broke out, and even the hatting hobbies were unable to contain the throngs of Bardot fans. Filming became virtually impossible, and BB was so frightened that she fled back across the English Channel to work in a "normal atmosphere."

The total effect on BB, according to her mother, has been one of destruction. "The movies have ruined my daughter," said Madame Bardot. "She lives on the edge of a breakdown. This is not success."

Some time ago, another possible cause of Brigitte's destruction was suggested by a Paris magazine; in an article entitled "The Man Who Destroys BB", the magazine accused Brigitte's male companion, Sami Frey, of doing her no good when he becomes violent each time she does a love scene on-camera with another actor. Frey took issue with the story and sued the publisher. And regardless of the decision of the Paris courts, it would seem that Sami is right in one respect: BB is not being destroyed by a man. If anything, she is being destroyed by the lack of a man.

Shortly after Marilyn Monroe's death, millions of guys thought to themselves, "It's too bad she never met a nice, lovable, sincere, decent, generous, and understanding guy like me. If she had, she probably would have been okay."

Today, the same men are beginning to say the same thing about Brigitte. And yet, it is no reflection on Sami Frey, who—for all anyone knows—may be a swell fellow; nor is the Monroe tragedy any reflection on Joe Di Maggio, or Arthur Miller, or the Van Nuys, California, cop who was Marilyn's first husband and who is now leading a happily married life.

Nor is there any reflection on Roger Vadim, BB's first husband and director; nor on Jacques Charrier, her second husband; nor on Jean-Louis Trintignant, Gustave Rojo, Gilbert Becaud, Raf Vallone, Alain Carre, Sacha Distel, or any one else among the myriad of men who have moved in and out of BB's tempestuous life.

It is, rather, a reflection on the way of existence that accompanies international stardom. A cafe owner at St. Tropez once expressed his views on the matter after lengthy observation of the BB crowd: "We are giddy trying to keep up with BB and her friends. First, she arrives here with one of her husbands, Roger Vadim. Then, she arrives with Sacha Distel. Then, Vadim arrives with the actress Annette Stroyberg, his new wife. Then Bardot comes with another husband, Jacques Charrier. Then, Distel arrives with Stroyberg. Then, Bardot arrives with Vadim! Who is with who?"

Despite this marriage-go-round or because of it, and despite the hundreds of proposals she gets every day from men who would sell their souls to her, Brigitte may never find the "right guy," just as Monroe never did. The trouble is, every man in the world may be capable of making a woman happy.

But what does a guy do with a symbol?

B

sybil burton and the wild ones

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But she concentrated all her attention on our interview.

Sybil is keenly interested in Arthur and in the future of her performer-husband. She also seems to have found a formula for happiness. "I love doing what I do," Sybil said. "I wouldn't want to trade places with anyone. One must have something to make one happy, you know. And I am very happy." Later, as the conversation progressed, this woman—who had become an international celebrity herself despite what she believes—told me a few of the reasons for her professed happiness.

She is not reluctant to discuss the age difference between Jordan and herself. "Why should it concern me?" she asked. "Jordan and I are compatible. We enjoy doing the same things—we have a lot in common. For example, we trace our ancestry back to small countries—Jordan's from Macedonia and mine from Wales. People of similar ancestry know this, and they come into Arthur all the time to say hello. Besides that, my girls love him, too." Sybil was referring, in the latter case, to her daughters, Kate, 7, and Jessica, 5, by her marriage to Richard Burton.

"The most important thing in the world," Sybil said, "is for one to love. One shouldn't care about being loved so much—because one does go with the other. I realized that this is what I wanted and nothing could dissuade me." The Christophers—and the Burton children—occupy a nearby Manhattan apartment as well as a converted barn (at least through the summer months) at Quogue, Long Island. I asked Sybil how she manages to meet her daily schedules as a mother, a discotheque manager, and a new bride.

She admitted she is busier than a proverbial beaver at times. "It's astonishing how one has to tend to things," she said. "You know, Arthur started out as a lark. Then, before long, it became hard work. But work

is good for one. Now, Arthur almost runs itself, and I come down here about three times a week; perhaps more often if there is something that needs attention. Yet, I do run my home, too."

Sybil smiled as she spoke, almost demurely. Then she continued: "I am essentially a night person. I don't come alive really until after 10 o'clock. Late in the evening—that's when I'm at my best. But I love mornings, too. I go home and play with the children after they get up. Often I take a nap for three or four hours beforehand if I get home in time." What does Sybil do in her spare time? "Oh, Jordan and I go to the theater when we can, or we drop in at other clubs about town," she said. And she hastened to explain: that the 4 a.m. closing at Arthur six nights a week puts a crimp in social activities. The discotheque is "dark" on Monday nights only.

How did Sybil get into the discotheque business? She explains that a friend of hers, Brian Morris, had a successful discotheque operating in London. It is called the Ad Lib. Morris entertained some thoughts about opening a similar place in New York and he and Sybil were discussing plans for the venture when Morris had to back out. Sybil was working with Mike Nichols at Theater Establishment, a production company which presented *Square in the Eye* and *The Knack* in the Strollers Club building which now houses Arthur. Consequently Sybil had an early knowledge that the premises would be available. More than 70 investors put a thousand dollars each to help get the discotheque into operation, and the list of "partners" runs like a Who's Who of show business.

While New York's "upper crust" and show business luminaries eat loose from dusk to dawn at Arthur, Sybil Burton Christopher holds informal court at a small table in the northeastern corner of the main room. From this vantage point she can scan incoming guests from an opposite doorway as well as the handstand where Jordan and his youthful colleagues belt out some of the loudest music this side of Ringo and his friends.

Jordan is a personable young man with a little more than average vocal talent. Frankly, as he puts it, he is occasionally overwhelmed by his sudden success. "I wasn't much until Sybil discovered me," he admits. The son of an Akron, Ohio, saloon-keeper, Jordan had a college drop-out record, a broken marriage, and a host of professional setbacks in New York after he migrated to the big city in quest of fame and fortune nearly six years ago. His hide-to-be auditioned him while he was strumming a guitar at the Peppermint Lounge. "I knew he was right for Arthur," Sybil later said.

Will success spoil Jordan Christopher and his four nattily dressed musician-buddies? Only time will tell. Already they are undertaking road engagements, television commitments, a career in records, and are starting a publishing company (for their own songs), and whatever else the splash of notoriety will throw their way. "We don't want to confine ourselves to the English image," said Jordan when I interviewed him at Arthur, "but we probably won't change our

selves very much in the future. We like our long hair. That's why we wear it this way. Besides that, we all look good with it long." The Wild Ones choose their attire together, and their onstage costume includes black mohair suits with vests; blue shirts; white silk ties and hankies; black suede Italian-style boots "which we don't consider part of the costume, but we wear them."

I asked Jordan and his four cronies—Tom Graves, Eddie Wright, Tommy Trick, and Chuck Alden—if they planned to continue to ride the crest of their success together into the future. They chorused that they did. What pitfalls loomed ahead of them? None, that they could think of. "We are friends and we are successful," Jordan said. "What else do we need to keep us together?" The Wild Ones—excluding Jordan, the eldest is 22 and the youngest 18—say they will be concentrating on their own material from now on, and will take advantage of the opportunity to discard "the Top Ten hit."

And what part does Sybil play in the development of The Wild Ones. None, according to all concerned, except perhaps to offer a little advice now and then. The same applies to Jordan. "I will not supervise Jordan's career," Sybil said. "We ask each other for advice but that is all. We go on hunches." I asked Sybil if the fact that Jordan may be away from Arthur—and the home front—for prolonged periods in the future—filling movie, record, and club obligations—would pose any threat to their marriage. "Absolutely not," replied Sybil. "It will pose no threat whatsoever."

Besides being flipped out over Jordan, rock and roll music, and a discotheque which is named after a line in a Beatles movie, what else turns Sybil Burton Christopher on? New York does. "This city is never disappointing," she said. "It is easy for a woman to feel all alone, say, in London. But here one has so many friends and there always is so much to do—and it's just marvelous for youngsters."

Of course, it is old hat that Sybil gave up a budding stage career herself when she married Richard Burton. "One could tell one would be traveling and all," she had said, "so there was no sense going on with it." Now, on the other hand, she claims to feel "a sense of fulfillment with Arthur—but not of achievement." She, her age notwithstanding, believes dancing in the discotheque manner is a good means of self-expression.

When you first enter Arthur—that is, when you get by Cord, the man who does much of the initial screening at the door—you are, of necessity, wide-eyed. Not so much because of the interior decor or the jam-packed throngs of swells and sexy girls (with their escorts). But because it is so dark inside. In fact, it is sort of a big cave done in a subdued modern decor. The furnishings are not overly plush. Instead, they are startlingly simple. Black velvet benches line the walls and cushioned stools surround numerous small tables. The tables are low. Also, they are close together, for the most part—not necessarily for coziness, but in order to utilize space to the greatest possible extent. Table-hopping is frequent, and does not seem to be frowned upon, especially since in almost every case couples only are permitted to come into the club in the first place. Cameras are taboo and generally are almost useless anyway since the darkness of

they still go ape over tarzan

(Continued from Page 7)

the discotheque room is enough to make even the most skilled cameraman shudder as he gropes for his light meter. Sybil chose the club's decor, and black is predominant. The walls are black, with red wool jersey curtains separating the main room from an elevated section where there are more tables.

Most of the time there scarcely is room for the cherubic faced waiters to get through with their drink orders from table to table. Priced at \$1.75, drinks are served in sturdy brandy snifters. A minimum of \$4 is observed during the week and is hiked to \$5 on the weekends. The "cats" menu ranges from egg and bacon croquettes (at \$2.50) to Scotch salmon (at \$6.50). There is one sandwich called a Whittier's Mother which sells for \$3. Devonshire tea is a favorite of Sybil as well as many of her guests.

Except for baby spotlights which play over the wild combo on the stage, lighting inside Arthur is restricted to candles, and small blue and green lights which wink out from the ceiling. The dance floor is a sight to behold at almost any time during any given evening. To use an understatement, it is simply wild. A hundred couples are apt to barrel out onto the floor whenever The Wild Ones take over the music-making. Models, debutantes, wealthy beauties, uninhabited wives (and husbands who are even more so), bald-headed and too-plump business men, the Madison Avenue grey-flannel set, movie stars, stage and television personalities, young, old, tall, short, dressed in every conceivable fashion, from bottom-bursting stretch pants and sloppy-joe sweaters to evening clothes, including tails and ties. The dance floor becomes sheer bedlam, with the big beat of the band drowning out all human sound, and bodies gyrating, twisting, jumping, splashing, bending, through everything identifiable, and many dances which are not.

Arthur also is unique in that no bired on go go dancers are used to show patrons the proper way of doing the frog, watusi, monkey, swim, hitch-hiker, Freddie, or other pop steps. It also is unique in that live music is presented instead of that only from a juke box as in the case of most other discotheque parlors. Phonograph music, including standards and older new numbers, is offered during The Wild Ones' intermissions.

What has happened to Sybil Burton Christopher to make her not only part and parcel of such a scene, but actually the sparkplug behind the hottest discotheque in a city that is full of them? No one can come up with a pat answer, that's for sure. When Sybil married Jordan, Richard Burton is said to have commented: "Oh, my God, no." But another intimate of Sybil's, a friend, said: "I hate to put it this way, but when your wild oats sowing comes late, it's like the measles. It's like going through a stage that most girls go through at 18 or 19."

Obviously, Sybil couldn't care less. Like she says, she is happy. She looks happy and acts happy. That's more than a lot of her night-after-night customers can say. And she keeps a sense of humor about her which refuses to be scuttled by gossip-mongers and prudes.

Even at that, however, it was but a few months later that New York gossip columnists hinted that Sybil's surroundings might become more secluded—at least for a little while. For Sybil and Jordan, the columnists dutifully reported, quite possibly were "expecting the stork."

—137. Nearly talked himself to death."

The ape-man's action routines also have been limited. Tarzan goes to the rescue, swinging from tree to tree, but generally the chimp beats him there and saves the day. Often when he is in danger or trapped by villains, Cheeta rescues him. When Johnny Weissmuller played the role of Tarzan there had to be a number of swimming and diving scenes. Otherwise, the action revolved around jungle-lore shots of animals fighting, a stampeding herd of elephants, a river full of hulking hippos, deer drinking from a pool while a lion stalks... with Tarzan watching. The formula for a Tarzan flick calls for only a pinch of dramatic action. Like plodding through the jungle, the films are slow-paced except for one or two spine-chilling episodes calculated to lift the viewer out of his chair.

Realistic comedy and humor are, for the most part, lacking in Tarzan flicks. Though many a blind spot in the script has been saved by the slapstick routines of Cheeta, there is nothing to arouse genuine guffaws except Tarzan who, more often than not, is a poor straight man for the chimp's antics.

Confident of his character and practicing his right to approve all the scripts even though he did not write them, Burroughs had calculated audience response down to the last royalty. In a scene from the 1941 *Tarzan's Secret Treasure*, the writers had the hero laughing long and loud as he watched treasure hunters discover his hidden cache. Burroughs demanded the scene be cut, stating his protagonist was moody and reserved and, "not given to such outbursts." Completely out of character, Burroughs feared Tarzan would have appeared "Hollywoodized" to his fans.

Although many of Burroughs stories dealt with the Dark Continent, in the more recent films, Tarzan has successfully swung through the timber of Thailand, Kenya, and India. Even with realism at a premium, audiences were satisfied with the crepe paper creations and lush surroundings of hastily constructed sets. One of the exceptions was *Tarzan's Peril* starring Lex Barker which, with more real than reel peril, taught Lesser that Hollywood was the safest jungle in the world.

The movie company safari seemed doomed: Everything went wrong, including Barker's tan which the continual rain washed away day by day. Finally a special body makeup was flown in to keep the ape-man a "natural" shade. When Barker first appeared in his leinloth, the natives roared with laughter and Lesser himself had to coax the sulking star to perform.

After a series of exhausting tests, a chimp could not be found in all of Kenya to play Cheeta and she had to be written out of the script. As a result, Barker quipped, "There goes our last laugh."

To fill the gap caused by the loss of the chimp, Lesser came up with a singular piece of jungle drama: Tarzan would wrestle a real—live, man-eating plant. But Barker barked backed—he refused to wrestle anything that did not know when to let go. Lesser called in special effects men and they dreamed up a papier-mache substitute to stand in (with the

aid of a few wires) for the non-vegetarian vegetable of the veld.

The elements continued to plague the company, and with less than half the feature in the can, Lesser ordered a retreat to Hollywood. Upon returning, he vowed he would never make another Tarzan film in Africa again. Reviewing his hectic days as a Tarzan movie-maker, Lesser said:

"In the old days, all Tarzan had to do was fight wild animals bare-handed. But the times changed. World War II brought mechanized warfare to the jungle. Now the ape-man had to watch out for machine guns, armored trucks, booby traps, and bombs."

"Tarzan used to be considered as just a big primitive man who beat his chest and yelled, and little boys imitated him everywhere," Lesser added. "But now he is looked up to as a symbol of wholesomeness."

If there is no sex, no dialogue, no drama, little humor, and no real exotic background, you might reasonably ask why the films have been so successful. The answer is simple—Tarzan is a living legend. The ape-man and his fight against the white man's invasion and corruption of the virgin jungle are the only ingredients necessary for the magic that continues to draw big box office, no matter who wears the leinloth or goes screaming through the treetops.

Now 51, Tarzan has a new producer, Sy Weintraub, and another alter ego, former stuntman and Tarzan number 13, Jack Maiboney. Braving all wrath, Weintraub has eliminated both Jane and Cheeta from his films, yet his coffers have been filled.

"The right formula," claims Weintraub, "is that of a legend: We take Tarzan and put him in a reasonably believable situation. The trouble is that Tarzan is an extra character. But if you get a great story, it revolves around people, and to include Tarzan you have to tilt the story angle. Yet it can be done. The trick is to modernize him without losing his basic appeal."

Burroughs agreed, claiming the basic appeal of Tarzan lay "in the latent inclination of all people to see themselves as either heroic or beautiful, or both. Deep within all of us," he said, "is the recollection of the days when we were Tarzans ranging the primeval wilderness of the earth's dawn."

"We wish to escape—not alone—the narrow confines of city streets for the freedom of the wilderness—but the restriction of man-made laws and the inhibitions that society places upon us," Burroughs said. "We like to picture ourselves as roaming free, the lords of ourselves and of our world; in other words, we would each like to be Tarzan."

There are thousands of others who have also admitted their desire to be Tarzan. And so will future generations who watch the ape-man continue his never-ending adventures through the jungle. Since the film scripts have exploited all the locations on earth, we can expect to see the Tarzan of tomorrow—sans space suit, without shoes—not very far behind the astronauts exploring the wilderness of Mars.

After all, what's a jungle without a Tarzan there?

alan king

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From a book shelf he took down a best-selling novel, *The Rector of Justin*. "This is a fine book," he said. "Beautiful." He quoted from a passage that particularly touched him. "I liked this book better than *Herzog*. That one was well-written, but it didn't say anything. I do a lot of reading. Mostly on airplanes. I have to finish every book I start, even if it's a bad one."

From a cabinet he withdrew two folders, each thick with typewritten routines. "I think I'll re-work the expensive-kids-toys routine. I used it on the *Garry Moore Show*. It still goes. Maybe I'll use it again."

He offered me whiskey, coffee, and cigarettes.

"I work standing up," he said. "I dictate sometimes two routines a month, depending what comes to mind. Sometimes I buy an idea. Usually, it's something that happened to me. It comes back typed, I work on it, and then I put it away. I never rehearse. Once the lines are down, I know them. Next time I say them it's on a stage."

King made another profile, saying, "They call me 'America's Angry Young Man,' but what have I got to be angry about? I haven't lost my temper in 25 years. The only people I really get mad at are my wife and kids, because they're the ones I care about most."

A week earlier, I had seen his self-control put to the test, during the taping of a show for his TV series, *The Alan King Show*, in which the star plays a private chauffeur who stubbornly retains his own taxi and charges his boss by the meter.

"Can I look down like this?" King asked his director.

"No, Alan, you'll go out of the frame," the director replied.

King tried again. "How's that reaction—strong enough?"

"Try taking it a little slower, Alan."

After about six run-throughs of the brief scene, the cameras went on, and King muffed his first line. He grimaced. "Sorry," he said. He looked calm, but outside the frame, under the table he was sitting at, his feet were drumming frenetically.

The third take went through, with more scenes to follow. King went out for a smoke. "No, it's not like doing a monologue," he said. "There, it's all me. Here, I listen to the director. Look, I hired this director. I gotta trust him."

"Alan never gives me any trouble," his somber-faced, fatherly manager said later. "Other big comedians, you book 'em two one-nighters in a row and they start belly-aching. Alan don't complain."

"The only place my husband is ever difficult is right here at home," Jeanette King told me. "It's the only place he can afford to be difficult. And, all he really demands is his privacy."

Mrs. King, according to her husband's material, runs around in black leotards, looking like a Sherman tank in mourning; goes on health food kicks and feeds him seaweed; goes on diets and starves him; goes to a department store sale and buys it; steals his wallet; steals his blankets; puts on the dog; turns on the tears; and manages the local Little League team because she's the only mother who looks like Casey Stengel.

In actuality, Jeanette is slim, pretty, smart and unpretentious. "Alan gets excited over everything," she says, "politics, antiques, a good dinner. He gets worked up telling a story at a party. But outside of shows, he doesn't allow himself to be furious in public."

King grew up fighting. Born Irwin Alan Kniberg in a tough Brooklyn slum, he fought with his fists before he learned to fight with his mouth. His older sister, Anita, was the good girl and Irwin was the hooky-player. His mother had the upper-hand at home, but outside, he got his licks in. Jeanette, who lived two blocks away, recalls, "It was a poor immigrant neighborhood. The Jews fought the Italians, and the Italians fought the Irish. Alan was fighting all the time."



He went in for amateur boxing, but was even more successful at amateur entertaining. He sang for pennies in alley ways. He performed for contributions on subways. He went to movie house stage shows and memorized comic routines, which made him so popular on street corner gatherings that there was no more need to fight. At 12, he had his own band, playing for local celebrations. At 14, he ran away and got himself a job doing imitations in a Montreal burlesque house—until the deportation officers sent him home. He spent summers leading a band and acting as emcee at resort hotels, and took to hanging around the New York night

clubs where amateurs were encouraged. At 15, he quit high school and turned pro, immediately finding an agent and legally changing his name. Three years later, he married Jeanette, then 17.

"Alan just decided it was time we got married," she explains. "He had been supporting his family for years. We thought he could support a wife, too."

But business took an irrational dive, and for a while the Kings lived on \$35 a week, earned on comedy night at Leon and Eddie's, until Alan took to touring with bands, and making the Borscht Belt rounds. Twelve years ago, Judy Garland signed King as featured comic on her comeback concert tour. When she took the show to London's Palladium, King bowed out. He insisted that the English were so reserved, they would never go for his brassy style. He had given up jokes and imitations in favor of razzing his wife and kids and mother-in-law. Judy got him to London, however, and he vowed them to applause heard 'round the world.

That was the famous opening when the audience cold-fished him and he stared right back at them, until finally he shrugged and told them, "I want you to know, I don't like you too much, either." The English reserve shattered.

The prophet returned to honor in his own land, bringing with him an English butler (who had served real kings) as a surprise for Jeanette. The butler didn't go with their six-room ranch house and, two weeks later, when King took him along on a Texas engagement, the Englishman suffered heat prostration and had to be sent back to London. The adventure cost King \$5000. Jack Benny has called King "the only comedian who spends money like a drunken admiral." Since England, and his subsequent U.S. television success, King's comic targets have widened from family to suburbia to "the system." And he has been spreading his money too.

King's acquisitions are already almost as famous as he is: the palatial house (which was formerly owned by Oscar Hammerstein II); in his basement the English pub he imported piece by piece; the Rolls Royce; the other cars; the horses; the yacht; the collectors' furniture; the rare art objects; the paintings; the \$300 suits tailored in London, where the \$80 shoes are cobbled; the \$30 custom shirts, not to mention the hats and the walking canes.

The Kings employ two servants; a houseboy-chauffeur and his wife, the housekeeper-cook. On her day off, King usually does the cooking because he is considered by the family to be a better cook than Jeanette.

As soon as they moved into the big house, King announced that dinner would hereafter be served by the

housekeeper rather than by Jeannette so his sons, Robert Lewis, age 13, and Andrew Martin, age 9, would learn to eat like gentlemen. The boys' middle names honor two of King's show business heroes, comic Joe E. Lewis and singer Tony Martin. He seldom misses dinner at home, having gradually cut down on out-of-town engagements.

The Kings' closest friends are doctors, lawyers, businessmen. The comedian loves few things more than organizing a crowd for a trip to Europe or an evening of dinner and theater. "Alan's always the ringleader," Jeannette says, "because he really knows how to have a good time."

Prominent in his home library is a shelf of books on law and lawyers, including several biographies of Clarence Darrow, the great defender of underdogs. His wife calls him a frustrated lawyer. To his sons, he is a strict and concerned father. "I want them to be people, not Alan King's sons," he said. "Boy, it kills me when they ask for something they shouldn't have with 'C'mon Dad, you got plenty of money.'"

These kids don't know what money means!"

Back at his office, King was warmed up, smoking constantly, cigarettes and an occasional cigar, waving his fists to emphasize a point, lifting his arms skyward to underscore a question. He ran out for his morning's mail. "I answer every letter personally," he announced, adding menacingly, "and I really love to answer some of these guys."

"People write me for advice. I have no answers for them. I have troubles of my own. Why don't they ask their wives, their husbands, their clergymen? You know who I hate? These lonelyhearts people who write newspaper features telling other people how to live their lives. Where do they come off giving out do-it-yourself analysis? The people who write to them, they need help and they're not getting it! You ever hear my routine on these columnists? Ooooh! I *destroy* them!"

King was rocking with anger. "The little people get such a rotten break in this world. It drives me crazy! They

tell you at the airport to go to Gate 3. You walk six-and-a-half miles to Gate 3 and they tell you it's been changed to Gate 6, back where you started. Why couldn't they tell you before you walked the six-and-a-half miles!"

"All right. Me, I don't stand on lines. They put me to wait in a carpeted room with a drink and a TV set. But I see what's happening to the other people! I see it!"

"All right. I know I can't change anything. I know these aren't the big problems, like poverty, like war. But it's a chain reaction. You stick enough pins in people's backsides and they're ready to fight. At least, if they've heard a routine of mine, getting at something that bothers them every day, maybe they'll be able to laugh at it next time."

"One thing I know," he said, pointing to his mail pile, "I'm getting through to them. I just have to keep reminding myself that I'm an entertainer first. I've got to keep myself from preaching. My job is to make them laugh. But if I make them think, too, all the better."

B

the ghost of the rolls royce

(Continued from Page 23)



Engine sub-frames or mountings had not yet been devised, and in those days the power unit was bolted directly to the chassis on four or six bearer arms. The Ghost's engine was fixed to the chassis by bearer arms at the rear only; the front was supported on bell cranks pivoted to the chassis side members. Thus, the frame was able to twist on uneven surfaces without distortion of the floating engine.

Royce, an automotive genius with the business sense of a four-year-old, roamed his factory searching for faulty workmanship. Many white-bearded employees remember seeing Royce find an engine with a tiny imperfection and begin beating it with a 14-pound hammer.

Many of the running virtues of this superb

car are due to its special carburetor and ignition systems. In 1906, carburetors were primitive and makeshift. Royce, therefore, built his own. It remained in production on Rolls-Royce cars until 1934.

Disatisfied with existing coil ignition, Royce wound his own coils, and fitted a second set of supplementary spark plugs to insure easy starting and steady idling under all conditions. (Neither electric starting nor lighting had yet been introduced.) Magneto and coil ignition systems were both employed, with double sets of wiring, in a manner worthy of the best present-day designs.

The ignition harness is beautifully arranged—the coil ignition leads assembled in tiers of tubes at the side over the induction manifold—and there was little chance of an early mechanic getting confused by their layout. In front of the engine, the timing gear case includes a drive to the steel-and-compo gear wheel on the camshaft, and also to the magneto on the same side.

Fifty years ago it was common practice to direct the exhaust gases straight to a single exhaust pipe and silencer, then out into the air. Royce fitted a separate manifold to each group of three cylinders, causing a 50 per cent drop in the speed of the gases while they passed through two pipes to a very big expansion chamber. Here, the tempo of the gases was further reduced before they arrived at a big silencer, from which they were channeled

to the exhaust pipe and fishtail. Thus, half a century ago, this engineer-seeer achieved the result obtained today with twin silencers operating in tandem.

Today, the Silver Ghost is London's only moving landmark, and to ride in her—as I have done—is to ride in history. But the old Ghost is as good as new, so no one can say how or when that history will end.

History, of course, is being made all the time so far as the automotive industry is concerned—and the Rolls Royce and Bentley lines are no different from the others in that respect. For these super-duper luxury cars have undergone so much redesigning that the 1966 models have little in common with their predecessors, other than the recently introduced—and since modified—6320cc eight-cylinder power plant. Needless to say, true to their reputation for operational excellence, the Rolls Silver Shadows and Bentley Ks of today cruise at high speeds in virtual silence, and with a high degree of safety and controllability. The present cars are seven inches shorter, three and one-half inches narrower, and five inches lower than those of the preceding years.

Intensive development projects in the two lines have resulted in all-independent suspension, automatic height control, power disc brakes, power steering, and automatic transmissions. The trend over the last couple of years also has dealt with improved safety features, the outstanding of which includes triplex safety glass in the Silver Shadow. And the Shadow—which has replaced the popular Silver Cloud—sells for close to \$18,500 in Britain, around \$2000 more than earlier Rolls Royces.

B

girl of the night

(Continued from Page 52)

fond of a young salesman and moved from her single room into his apartment. Following her death, the salesman told reporters:

"We didn't go out often. Julie was very wifely. She loved cooking special Italian dishes for me. When we did go to parties, though, she didn't drink. And she seemed to get bored easily.

"She was a devout Catholic," the salesman recalled, "and attended church in Forbury Road every Sunday, dressed in a smart outfit with a perky little hat. But she used to excite the men in the congregation so much that she had to ask me to meet her outside the church to escort her home." Typically a restless person, Julie was able to withstand only four months of this kind of "marriage" before moving out.

Through the initial contacts she made at the London club, Julie was said to have joined a select—and notorious—club for women in Baywater. Some members were the wives of influential business leaders and men in public office who would have been horrified to have learned about the extra-curricular activities of their spouses. One woman with whom Julie associated, was the wife of a foreign ambassador and, upon completion of her work at the Reading dental office, the ambassador's wife would meet her and whisk her away to wine and dine in luxury at exclusive London nightspots. Later, Julie and other club members would head for a plush apartment in Mayfair to indulge in unusual sexual practices until sunrise.

On the week ends, Julie's diaries disclosed, Lesbian members of the Baywater group invited her to clandestine gatherings at secluded country houses where inhibitions were discarded upon arrival and not picked up again until the very last minute before heading back to the city. Some of Julie's friends have said that although she attended many of these gatherings over a period of several months she never became a dyed-in-the-wool Lesbian. In fact, she apparently equidated to a few intimates, that the practices were revolting to her. But, on the other hand, Julie clung to the kinkies because many of them were well-to-do and offered her the security she felt she needed. After a while, Julie tried to get out of attending the orgies, protesting that she wanted nothing more to do with them. Her social status sank to nil immediately and once again Julie found herself lonely and depressed.

Because loneliness was just about the worst thing in the world for Julie she tried to return to "the easy life" by lining herself up with someone interesting via the newspaper advertisements. One man who spotted her and hinted that he was extremely wealthy and Julie agreed to accept his invitation to a rendezvous, a decision which was made, police later calculated, about nine months before her death. This time, Julie accepted an almost full-time membership in the Kinky Set, bolstering herself with drugs whenever she faltered along the way. Wealthy men, seeking perverse favors from the pretty girl, rewarded her with money and expensive gifts for her services which included whipping them and ordering them to grovel at her feet. In at least one of the outlying country houses

near London police learned there was a torture chamber, built after those which were used during the Middle Ages. Thick straps hung from the walls, and manacles, handcuffs, and thongs were provided for the guests. There, Julie, adorning herself with cosmetics so to appear as a modern-day witch, sought to satisfy the lusts of many men whose sexual appetites could not be appeased unless she whipped them unmercifully, pricked their bodies with ceremonial daggers, or performed lewd acts—some of which came close to defying description.

Her clients, ironically, were men and women of wealth and prestige. Some were alleged to have been doctors, lawyers, prosperous merchants, and persons of high military rank or public office. They called Julie "Baby Doll"—she was only five feet tall. But, in the end, the playgirl beauty that was Julie's began to fade from the onslaught of over-indulgence in all its forms. Her need for pep pills to keep her happy—and tranquilizers or barbiturates to help her sleep—grew rapidly in the closing months of her life. Until that fateful Nov. 2 when Julie died from an overdose of a depressant drug.

Her real name wasn't Molley—but Veto, and she was born in Italy, not Britain. She left her home in Rochdale, a dingy industrial town in the north of England, while still a teen-ager. She never returned, according to her mother, Mrs. Clelia Veto, who operated two coffee houses there. When Julie died, her mother said: "I haven't seen her since she left. I sent her to a convent school because I wanted her to be a good girl. But she wanted a good time—and it ended like this. It always does."

B





DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BEAU**



Although England is more often lauded for the excellence of its Colchester oysters and Dover sole, it need never play second fiddle when it comes to the most tempting of all goodies—namely, girls. This fact is lavishly illustrated in the next issue of **BEAU**, the new international magazine for men. In September **BEAU**, some of the most delectable lasses ever to call the tight, little island their home, will be posing for posterity, including unadorned Annette Johnson (upper left) and luscious Lisa Peterson (above). And if this isn't enough, **BEAU's** own shapely reporter without portfolio, Jane Dolinger, (left) tells about her bunny-hopping interview with Londontown's king of strip, Paul Raymond. For the sports-minded reader, there is a first-rate yarn about one of the most daring race drivers of all time—Britain's own Maj. Sir H. O. D. Segrave, who died in the choppy waters of Lake Windermere (bottom left) while trying to add to his already notable collection of speed records. In all, in **BEAU** No. 4 will be a dish fit to set before a king—or any of his subjects.



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